**My Three Sisters**

When I was fifteen years old I had the desires and longings of a typical teenage boy. Unfortunately, I was painfully shy with girls at school. Life compensated me with three beautiful sisters, with whom I had a comfortable and close relationship. These were Helen, who was seventeen, Mary, who was sixteen, and Susan, who was fourteen. At the age of fifteen I could not help but appreciate the fact that Helen and Mary had developed the bodies of beautiful young women, and that Susan was catching up fast.

I did not intend to have sex with them. Nevertheless, I knew that seeing them naked would be quite a bit more enjoyable than looking at the photos of naked women I was able to find on the internet.

Unfortunately, they had stopped showing themselves to me long before they reached their present and delightful level of pulchritude. Here again I was fortunate, because we lived in an old house in which the doors had large key holes.

One Saturday evening when I knew our parents would be out until late, and that my sisters would be in their bed room undressing for bed, I sneaked up to their door, and looked through the key hole. What I saw exceeded my hopes. Susan was wearing nothing but panties and a bra, and looking more developed than her fourteen years had prepared me for. Mary was wearing only panties. Her breasts were beautiful. Helen was completely naked. She compared well with the professional models I had seen on the internet.

While thus enraptured, my sisters became aware of my presence on the other side of the door. They opened it, and pulled me inside. Making no effort to cover themselves, they laughed and giggled, and playfully hit me with the bottom sides of their fists saying, “You naughty boy! You naughty boy!”

I was so frightened that I started crying, and pleaded, “Please don’t tell Mom and Dad about this.”

Helen put her hands on her bare hips. She looked as angry as it is possible for a completely naked seventeen year old girl to look while talking to her brother, and asked, with her firm breasts pointing straight at me, “What will you do for us if we don’t tell?”

“Anything! Anything! Just don’t tell.”

Helen went to her dresser, opened a drawer, removed a wooden spanking paddle, and walked back, holding the paddle with her right hand, and slapping her left hand with it menacingly. In the process, she made no effort to conceal her beautiful breasts, and the garden of love between her legs. I would have enjoyed looking at these, if I was not so frightened.

“I do have a demand that I shall make of you,” Helen said, “but first you must be punished because of your unacceptable behavior. I’ve never used this before. I sure am glad I bought it. Each of us girls will give you ten spanks each. Remove your clothes!”

“Do you promise not to tell Mom and Dad?”

“Only if you move quickly. *Remove your clothes!*”

Although I had enjoyed seeing my sisters naked through the key hole, the thought of being seen naked by them embarrassed me. Still, there was no denying my naked sister. “Please don’t tell anyone else about this,” I pleaded.

“You are in no position to list any requirements,” Helen said, “but we won’t tell anyone if you obey us in every particular. My patience is wearing thin. Your clothes! Remove your clothes.”

I unbuttoned and removed my shirt, untied and removed my shoes, pulled off my socks, and more slowly unfastened and removed my pants. My three sisters stared at my underpants. “Do you have to look so hard?” I asked.

“You’ve been looking at us,” Helen said. “Your punishment will only be fitting, when we get to look at you. Now remove your underpants before we pull them off ourselves.”

With no choice but to comply, I pulled off my underpants, and tossed them aside. “Oh, that’s so wonderful,” Susan squealed.

“That sisters, is what a boy has under his pants,” Helen explained. “You can see that the skin at the end of his penis is different than the skin on the shaft. When we were little, I thought boys were born that way. It turns out that he has been circumcised. The skin that was at the end of his penis has been removed. This done to many boy babies. It has been a long time since we have seen him naked. Notice also, that he has grown hair like we have. What is more, his genitals have gotten bigger. Lean over my desk,” Helen commanded. “We will teach you not to spy on us when we are naked.”

When I leaned over Helen’s desk, sticking my bare behind out to meet the paddle, Helen said, “Here Susan. You go first. Put plenty of power into every spank. Our brother has to learn to behave.”

I thought my sisters were too weak to spank hard. I was surprised. As Susan delivered every blow to my quivering, naked flesh, she giggled and said, “This is so much fun.”

“It’s not fun for our brother,” Helen gloated. “But he deserves every bit of this. You thought you would enjoy looking at us naked,” Helen asked me. “Are you enjoying this?”

“No, I’m not,” I admitted. “This really hurts.”

Helen laughed sadistically. When Susan was finished with her ten spanks, Helen told her, “Give the paddle to Mary. All right, Mary, it’s your turn. See how red his bottom is? Just imagine how much this hurts. Put power into it”

“OK, Helen I’ll sure try. Imagine him sneaking a peak at my bare breasts like this. He’ll remember this spanking as long as he lives.”

Mary proceeded to give me ten of the best. When she was finished she asked, “Did this hurt?”

“Yes, or course it hurt,” I admitted. “Helen, you must go easy on me. I can’t stand any more of this.”

“You should have thought of that before you decided to peek through the key hole,” Helen said. “If you think it hurts now, just wait until I’m done.”

Helen was obviously the strongest of my sisters. “I’m dying,” I complained.

“You coward,” Susan taunted.

“Keep cool,” Mary added. “I haven’t had this much fun for a long time.”

When she was finally, and blessedly through, Helen bragged, “I did it. Do you see that white blister on his right cheek? It looks like it is about to pop. Do you think you can stand another ten spanks?” she asked.

“No please.” I pleaded. “I’ve learned my lesson. I’ll never do this again.”

“OK, now get up, and turn around to face us.”

When I did, Susan said, “Eww! Why is his penis so straight like that? It’s pointing right at us.”

“That’s because he is a very naughty boy,” Helen explained. “That happens when a boy is excited. Our brother is so perverted that a spanking arouses him. We should punish him by spanking until he gets soft again.”

“No please,” I pleaded. “I can’t help it, honest I can’t. It just got that way.”

“Of course,” Helen said in a softer tone of voice. “I know. And I know just what to do with it. What we did hurt you. Now I’m going to do something that will feel real good.”

Helen walked behind me, and put her left arm around my stomach. I felt her bare breasts pressing against my back as she began to rub my penis. “How do you feel?” she asked.

“Better than when I do this myself.”

Susan and Mary looked at what was happening with fascination and enjoyment. Mary’s nipples looked hard and erect. I did not learn until later, indeed until Helen explained it to me, that a girl’s nipples get that way when she is excited. Nevertheless, it seemed like a good thing, and Mary’s breasts sure looked beautiful.

As my oldest sister rubbed my penis, I reached behind myself, and felt that her vagina was very wet. Here again, I did not know until Helen told me later what that meant. At any rate I was very excited myself, and soon shot my life’s fluid onto the floor of my sister’s bedroom.

“Oh, look at that,” Mary squealed.

“That sisters, is what can make you pregnant. Make sure it does not until you want it to. Mary, please get some toilet paper to wipe that up.”

“Will he be naked when I come back?” Mary asked.

“Our brother will not be allowed to put his clothes back on until I give him permission.”

“Oh, good,” Mary squealed, before leaving the room.

She soon returned, and cleaned up what I had ejaculated.

“Now that you have been punished for your intolerable behavior, I will tell you what you need to do to keep us from bringing this to our parent’s attention.” I was afraid Helen would order me to do something humiliating. Instead, she said, “Monday after school, before Mom and Dad get home from work, you will be required to give me a bath.”

I could hardly believe my good fortune. “Is that all?” I asked.

“Isn’t that enough?”

“I’m not complaining,” I said quickly. “I’m looking forward to that.”

“So am I,” Helen said, before kissing my lips.

“That was the first time any girl kissed me on the lips,” I said. “I’m glad it was you.”

“I am too. Now get your clothes on. All of us need to get some sleep.”

Minutes later, when I was lying in bed, I could not help but reflect that my adventure had turned out far better than I had expected. My bottom was still sore, but what I would be doing with my oldest sister would be quite a bit more enjoyable than peeping at her through a key hole. I still thought it would be wrong to have sex with her, but I looked forward to learning about her body. If I was lucky, Mary and Susan would let me inspect them too.

The weekend passed too slowly. My sisters looked knowingly at me, and I could tell that they were looking forward to Helen’s bath too. On Monday I had trouble concentrating on school. I hurried home, went into my bedroom leaving the door open, and tried with little success to concentrate on my homework.

A half hour later, Helen walked into my bedroom, gloriously naked, and saying, “My bath is ready. Mary and Susan asked if they could watch. I told them they could.”

There was not enough room in our bathroom for all four of us, so we left the door open, and Mary stood out in the hall. Helen lowered her magnificent body into the bath, and washed her face with the wash cloth. Then she put it aside, handed me the bar of soap, and said, “I usually use a wash cloth, but I think both of us will enjoy this more if you use your hand.”

“I can’t believe how lucky I am,” I said as I began to rub my sudsy right hand over my sisters large and firm breasts. I enjoyed playing with them, and moving them back and forth. Helen enjoyed it too, and kissed my lips. As I continued to fondle my sister’s breasts, I noticed that her nipples hardened.

“A girl’s nipples get hard when she is excited,” Helen explained. “You won’t notice it under the water, but my vagina is getting wet too.”

“I noticed that when you were rubbing my penis,” I said.

“I know you did. Now you know why. The purpose of the moisture is to make it easy for a man to put his penis in, but we must never do that.”

When I began to scrub the inside of Helen’s genitals she said, “You may have noticed that you cannot put your finger into me. That is because I still have a cherry. I will show it to you later. Because I am your oldest sister, I consider it my responsibility to teach you about a girl’s body. What you may have learned from your friends is probably inaccurate. Also, I would rather you learn from me, than from a girl in school I probably would not like who might give you diseases.”

She continued, “I have to admit that when I was dating Carl we did more than hold hands and kiss. Nevertheless, he wanted to go all the way, and I did not. That is why we stopped dating. Later, he got a girl pregnant. She had an abortion. I’m not gloating. I am glad it did not happen to me. Mom and Dad would not have been pleased.”

When I was finished scrubbing my sister’s breasts, arms, under arms, belly, vulva, and her most delightful thighs, she stood up, and turned around. “You look beautiful from behind, too,” I told her.

“Thanks.” I scrubbed her shoulders, her back, and her bottom. When I scrubbed between her thighs, she giggled, and said, “This is so much fun.”

When I was finished, she turned on the shower to rinse the soap off of her beautiful body.

As I dried her with her towel, I said, “The area at the base of my penis is hurting something awful.”

“That is known as ‘lover’s nuts’,” she explained. “It comes from unrelieved sexual tension. When you finish drying me, let’s go into your bedroom. I’ll give you another orgasm.”

Before the four of us went to my bed room, Mary picked up a lot of toilet paper to wipe me off. This time I did not hesitate to take my clothes off, and lay on my bed with a huge hard on. Helen lay next to me, put her left hand under my neck, kissed me on the lips, and said, “Watch how I do this, sisters. He will probably want you to do this later.”

I hardly needed any more stimulation, but Mary removed her blouse and bra, and sat next to me on the bed, holding my left hand and kissing it. It only took a few minutes before I squirted my semen into the air. Mary kissed me again, and wiped me off.

Helen lay back, spread her thighs, and said, “I told you I would show you my cherry. It is also called a maidenhead, or a hymen. Hymen, by the way, was the name of the Greek goddess of marriage.”

As I watched, Helen said, “What I am spreading with my fingers is called labia lips. Between them is a membrane that is my cherry. It has a small hole in it to let out my menstrual blood. Above it you can see this fleshy part,” she said touching it. “This is my clitoris. This is very sensitive. I rub it when I masturbate. A boy can only have one kind of orgasm. I have given you that. A girl can have a clitoral orgasm, or a virginal orgasm. I cannot have virginal orgasms, without damaging my cherry, but I would like you to watch, as I give myself a clitoral orgasm. This is what I want you to do to me later, and what Mary and Susan want you to do to them, but first I must demonstrate. Observe.”

I certainly did observe. As Helen rubbed her clitoris more vigorously, she began to look increasingly intense, until she had her orgasm. As she relaxed, she said, “Kiss me.” I did. “We would all like to do more, but we need to get dressed before Mom and Dad get home from work. By doing this with you I hope to be less prone to get into a situation with a boy who might not take ‘No’ for an answer. Carl stopped when I told him to. Other boys might not.”

That was my introduction to the most delightful years I had ever experienced. By mutual agreement, I kept my penis out of my sister’s vaginas, mouths, and rectums. I guess you can say, therefore, that we were never guilty of incest. We sure had fun. I bathed them. They bathed me. We took showers together. We gave each other orgasms.

The next summer, our parents spent four days at a vacation resort for a second honeymoon. Because Helen had worked as a baby sitter, our parents thought it would be unnecessary to hire someone from outside. They directed us to call a neighboring couple if there was an emergency. Every night they called us to see if everything was all right.

It certainly was. We spent much of every day in our house, naked together. I slept naked in bed with each of my sisters, maintaining an essential discipline. I never again missed not having a girl friend. My three beautiful sisters took excellent care of me.